

THE LITERARY GUARDIAN,

And Spectator of

BOOKS, FINE ARTS, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, AND FASHIONS.

No. 8.

CONTAINING SIXTEEN QUARTO PAGES

For TWOPENCE.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1831.

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MR. CROKER'S CRITICS.

The Edinburgh Review. No. 107, Art. I. *Blackwood's Magazine*. No. 187, "Noctes Ambrosianæ."

The Quarterly Review. No. 91, Art. I.

It will perhaps be recollected that *The Literary Guardian* was the first to call attention to what we considered, and still do consider, an unfair attack upon Mr. Croker's edition of Boswell, in the last number of *The Edinburgh Review*. Indeed, with the exception of *The Spectator*, (who followed close upon us,) we were the only weekly critic who considered the matter worthy of remark. The editor of *The Literary Gazette*, who, on the first appearance of Mr. Croker's work, had spoken of it in high and unqualified terms of praise, particularly specifying the "light" which it threw upon "many persons and things left obscure by Boswell himself," and the "authentic particulars relative to Johnson from other sources" incorporated in it, did not, it seems, think it worth his while to justify or explain those opinions, which were certainly somewhat impugned by the very contradictory remarks of the *Edinburgh* critic. *The Athenæum*, whose eulogium on Mr. Croker as "a scholar, a sound and a ripe one—a poet of considerable talent—a critic searching and sagacious—and a person of that rank and esteem in the world that all libraries were accessible, and all lovers of Johnson, high and low, willing and ready to help him to mines of undiscovered information," was also on record, together with the assertion that "the consequence was, that the positive worth of one of the best books in the language had become doubted," appeared equally careless of defending its critical

character against the repeated assaults of its more portly contemporary. Mr. Croker, thus deserted by his admiring friends, was apparently in the grasp and at the mercy of his gigantic task-master, when *The Literary Guardian*, suspecting that all was not "right," and wishing to see "fair play," modestly but fearlessly stepped in, and, with his small still voice, attracted the attention of those who had more time, ability, and influence to do the case justice.

The first that came up were Messrs. North and Tickler, of *The Blackwood's Magazine*, and, in a smart and clever conversation in the last "Noctes," they most unceremoniously belabour the *Edinburgh* critic, and defend Mr. Croker from his charges through thick and thin. Some of these accusations, as to mis-statements of dates, &c. they successfully refute; others they show to be unfair, and forced constructions placed upon what, though doubtfully expressed, he might have well understood, had he chosen; whilst a few rather inconsiderable points are allowed to go "by default."

As we did not enter particularly into *The Edinburgh* accusations, neither can we now individually enumerate *The Blackwood* rejoinders; we will extract, however, two pretty fair specimens, and then leave them:—

"NORTH.—The reviewer says:—'In one place we are told that Allan Ramsay, the painter, was born in 1709, and died in 1784; in another, that he died in 1784, in the 71st year of his age. If the latter statement be correct, he must have been born in or about 1713.'"

"SHEPHERD.—Hoo's that, sir? That maun be a blunner o' Crocke's.

"NORTH.—No, James; it is but a dishonest trick of his reviewer. The age is stated differently in the two notes; but one note is Mr. Croker's, and one is Mr. Boswell's. Mr. Boswell states colloquially that 'Allan Ramsay died in 1784, in his 71st year;' Mr. Croker states with more precision, that 'he was born in 1709, and died in 1784,' and Mr. Croker is right—see, if you choose, Biographical Dictionary, voce Ramsay—and thus, because Mr. Croker corrects an error, the reviewer accuses him of making one."

"SHEPHERD.—Puppy!

Here we have exposed, to all appearances, a positively false accusation of *The Edinburgh* critic; our second and last spe-

cimen, is one of the elongated or exaggerated kind, and relates to the question—"whether Byng died a martyr to political party," on which we think there can scarcely be two opinions, and which, indeed, is rather confirmed than otherwise, by the very arguments which are here introduced in palliation of Mr. Croker's misstatement of fact with respect to the change of ministry. The case is rather lengthily handled, but being a curious historical point, we will not curtail it:—

"NORTH.—You know well the story of Byng, Tickler?

"TICKLER.—I do.

"NORTH.—So does Mr. Croker; but the reviewer thinks not, as you shall now hear. 'Nothing,' says Mr. Croker, 'can be more unfounded than the assertion that Byng fell a martyr to political party. By a strange coincidence of circumstances, it happened that there was a total change of administration between his condemnation and death, so that one party presided at his trial, and another at his execution. There can be no stronger proof that he was not a political martyr.' On this passage, the reviewer says,—'Now, what will our readers think of this writer, when we assure them that this statement, so confidently made respecting events so notorious, is absolutely untrue? One and the same administration was in office, when the court-martial on Byng commenced its sittings, through the whole trial, at the condemnation, and at the execution. In the month of November, 1756, the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Hardwicke resigned; the Duke of Devonshire became First Lord of the Treasury, and Mr. Pitt Secretary of State. This administration lasted till the month of April, 1757. Byng's court-martial began to sit on the 28th of December, 1756. He was shot on the 14th of March, 1757. There is something at once diverting and provoking on the cool and authoritative manner in which Mr. Croker makes these random assertions.'

"TICKLER.—Enlighten my weak mind, sir, on these conflicting statements.

"SHEPHERD.—Confoun'a' questions o' dates!

"NORTH.—Now, what do you think, sir, when I assure you, that this contradiction to Mr. Croker, 'so confidently made with respect to events so notorious,' is absolutely untrue! But so it is. The reviewer catches at what may be a verbal inaccuracy, (I doubt whether it be one, but

at worst it is no more,) and is himself guilty of the most direct and substantial falsehood. Of all the audacities of which this reviewer has been guilty, this is the greatest, not merely because it is the most important as an historical question, but because it is an instance of—to use his own expression—‘the most scandalous inaccuracy.’

“SHEPHERD.—Ma head’s confused. What’s the question?

“NORTH.—The question between Mr. Croker and the reviewer is this—whether *one* ministry did not *prosecute* Byng, and a *succeeding* ministry *execute* him. Mr. Croker says aye—the reviewer says no. I declare that the ayes have it.

“TICKLER.—As how?

“NORTH.—Byng’s action was in May, 1756, at which time the Duke of Newcastle was minister, and Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple in violent opposition; and when the account of the action arrived in England, ‘the ministers,’ (I quote from Campbell’s ‘Lives of the Admirals’—here it is)—‘the ministers determined to turn, if possible, the popular clamour and indignation from themselves, upon the admiral.’ And again, ‘the hired writers in the pay of the ministry, were set to work to censure his conduct in the most violent and inflammatory manner;’ and it is then called ‘a nefarious business.’ And again, ‘The popular clamour and indignation were so extremely violent, that ministers were under the necessity of making known their intention to try Byng, in a singular, unprecedented, and not very decorous or fair manner. Orders were sent to all the out-ports to put him, on his arrival, into close arrest. The facts seem to have been, that ministers had roused the public to such a state of irritation, that it would be directed against themselves, unless they proceeded against Byng in the most rigorous manner.’

“SHEPHERD.—I like to hear the readin’ o’ dockiments.

“NORTH.—On the 26th July, Byng arrived at Portsmouth, and was committed to close custody, and removed thence to Greenwich, where he was to remain till his trial, and where he was guarded, as if he had been guilty of the most heinous crimes. The part of the hospital in which he was confined was most scrupulously and carefully fortified; and what marked most decidedly the feeling of the ministers, they took care that all these precautions should be made known.

“TICKLER.—In short, if we are to believe the writers of the day, and, above all, Byng’s own friends and advocates, the ministers had already condemned him, and had predestined him to execution to save themselves.

“NORTH.—Just so. ‘The ministers,’ says Charnock, (Naval Biog. vol. iv. p. 159,) ‘treated him like a criminal already

condemned.’ The resolution to try Byng was, as I have shown you, taken at least as early as July; but the absence of witnesses, and other formalities, delayed the actual assembling the court-martial for some months, during which the controversy between the partisans of Byng, and those of the ministry, was maintained with the greatest rancour and animosity. In these circumstances, and while Byng was on the brink of his trial, about the 20th of November, 1756, his inveterate enemies, the ministers, resigned, and a total change of administration took place. The new administration, however, resolved to execute the instructions of the former—the proceedings instituted against Byng by the Duke of Newcastle’s administration, was followed up by Mr. Pitt’s; and the imprisonment of Byng, which was ordered by Lord Anson, was terminated by his execution, the warrant for which was signed by Lord Semples, six months after!

“TICKLER.—Poz?

“NORTH.—Aye, poz. Now, if Mr. Croker had been writing history, or even a review, he probably might not have said that ‘the change of ministers took place between the condemnation and death,’ if by *condemnation* the actual sentence of the court were to be understood. Certainly the actual trial happened to be held a few days after the accession of the new ministry, but the prosecution, and the alleged persecution, the official condemnation of Byng, and the indictment, if I may borrow the common law expression, and the collection of the evidence in support of it, and every step preparatory to the actual swearing of the court, were all perpetrated under the auspices of the old ministry. The new ministry had no real share nor responsibility in the transaction, till after the sentence was pronounced, and then (without, as it would seem, any hesitation on their part, though delays from other causes arose,) they executed the sentence.

“TICKLER.—Thank you, sir. After that, nobody can have any doubt in deciding which speaks the historic truth—he, to be sure, who says that one set of ministers conducted the prosecution, and the other ordered the execution.

“NORTH.—Is the editor of the ‘Life of Johnson,’ or the Edinburgh reviewer, ‘scandalously inaccurate?’

“TICKLER.—The prig.

“NORTH.—The truth seems to be, that the reviewer knows nothing more of the history of the transaction, than its dates—the *skeleton of history*;—and because he saw in some chronological work that Mr. Pitt became minister some days before the court-martial upon Byng was opened, he imagined that Mr. Pitt’s ministry were the responsible prosecutors in that court-martial. Mr. Croker, on this occasion, as on many others, has looked to the spirit of

the proceeding, as well as the *letter*—to the *design* as well as the *date*—and has contributed to trace historic truth by the motives and causes of events, rather than by the day of the month on which the events happen to explode.

“TICKLER.—The justification and refutation are complete.

“SHEPHERD.—At him again, sir.”

We regret that our space will not allow us to do justice to the brilliant and soul-inspiring abuse with which “the *Blue and Yellow* (the *Edinburgh* so nick-named) of pitiable imbecility and scandalous ignorance” is assailed. From a few of these epithets we may form a melancholy idea of the disgraceful extravagances which men of talent can fall into when urged on by party feeling. The *Edinburgh* is represented as an “incubus,” sitting on the top of half-a-dozen other volumes; he is styled the “pick-ma-dainty reviewer”—the “puppy”—the “creature”—a “sumph”—an “impudent bantam”—the “poor creature,” &c. &c.; and the subject is thus pithily dismissed:—

“SHEPHERD.—Fee! faw! fum! I smell the bluid of a pairty man!

“NORTH.—Fetid in faction.

“TICKLER.—Can this be the same pseudo Sampson who supposes he slew Southey and Sadler, and that he has now smitten Croker under the fifth rib?

“NORTH.—The same; and I lament to see a young man of his endowments (this after all the abuse!) a prey to such pitiful impulses of malice, which, impotent as are the fumbings they excite, cannot fail to weaken the intellect they degrade down to such paltry work, and will make one who is now not unjustly the object of partial admiration, ere long, that of general contempt.”

We must now turn to *The Quarterly Review*, in which Mr. Croker’s book is also treated at length. The *Quarterly* writer is most ponderous in his praise, and enviably obscure and long-winded in the most important passages of his discourse; so much so, that it would almost equally puzzle friend and foe to make any thing of it. The exordium about Mr. Croker and his history we must transcribe, as an important literary document. The first sentence is admirable for its astounding and complacent style; the italics between commas are in the original.

“In the history of Mr. Croker’s reputation, the year 1831 will ever form a remarkable epoch (!) Till then, however adequately his talents and acquirements may have been appreciated within the range of personal familiarity, the impression actually received among the nation at large does not, certainly, appear to have been such as is now on all sides acknowledged. Within a few months the ‘clever, sharp man of subordinate official details’ has raised

himself in the House of Commons to the rank of a *first-rate* parliamentary debater, and been received among their foremost leaders—equally qualified for the station by industry, perspicacity, extent of knowledge, vigour of intellect, courage, and decision—by one of the great conflicting parties in the state. And *precisely* in the midst of those *unparalleled exertions*, which have thus *astonished* friendly and *confounded* hostile politicians, *appears a work* which, by ‘*all but*’ universal consent, lifts the same person into a literary position, not less enviably superior to what he had previously ‘*seemed*’ to occupy in that earlier field of his distinction (!) Judging from the casual gossip of contemporary journals, the *vulgar notion* had been, that he held undoubtedly the pen of a most shrewd dialectician and cutting satirist, but would grapple in vain if he should be rash enough to make such an attempt with any of the ‘weightier matters,’ either of moral or of critical scrutiny. In these volumes the double question has been put to the test, and the result may teach some of our ‘public instructors,’ as well as more important persons, (take warning, all ye critics!) to pause a little on future occasions, ere, perceiving and admitting the existence of genius, they *presume to determine the range of its capacity*—upon uncertain ‘*data*,’ and in the exercise, with all due respect be it said, of imperfect powers of discrimination, and even under, *perhaps*, to a *certain extent*, the *unconscious influence of something like jealousy*.” The careful windings of this gentle hint are worthy of remark. But we must proceed, for, lo! “Meantime, the mist (qu. what mist?) being once thoroughly dispelled, we entertain no apprehension of seeing it again gather.” (Prodigious!)

The reviewer then goes on to show the necessity that existed for a careful revision of such works as that one of Boswell, and declares that no man could do it so well as Mr. Croker. We have then a truly appalling picture of that gentleman’s herculean labours among “the dust of forgotten pamphlets, the scattered stores of manuscript correspondence, and the oral communications of persons of *all ranks and conditions*, (poor Mr. Croker!) from Lord Stowell, Sir Walter Scott, Sir James Mackintosh, Mr. D’Israeli, and Mr. Markland, down to the obscurest descendants of Johnson’s connections in early provincial life;” and, after giving a further account of “his (Mr. C.’s) own piercing, strong, and liberal understanding, enriched with most multifarious knowledge of books,”—of “the whole vigour of his mental resources,” &c. &c., a sentiment is added which, in our opinion, is of rather dubious import; viz. that a book has been produced “which, were every correction of detail it contains—every ‘*hiatus*’ it fills up as to

mere matters of fact—every name, every date, even every new anecdote it gives, *all obliterated* at a stroke, would *still keep its place and its worth*; nay, which, if it actually had *omitted* all and every one of these things, would, perhaps, have done *more* for Mr. Croker’s estimation with the *general mob of readers* (!) than it has done, or must do, in its present more complete condition.” This comes pretty near the proposition of the *Edinburgh* critic, that Boswell would have been a great deal better off if Mr. Croker had left him alone altogether!

It must not be supposed, from the style in which we here speak, that we have in the smallest degree changed our opinions either of Mr. Croker or of his critics; neither let us be accused of deserting our “party;”—we have no “party;” we never intended to belong to “a party,” and we hope we never shall. Our object is always to speak what we think, fearlessly, and unmindful of consequences; to praise liberally all that pleases us; to expose that which, to our best judgment, appears either unfair or ridiculous. We have exposed the unfairness of *The Edinburgh Review*; and, in now lightly animadverting on the ridiculous pomposity of Mr. Croker’s friend,* we in no way imply a disrespect either to that gentleman or his work, which we really consider rather calculated to enrich than disgrace our literary stores.

In conclusion, we may be permitted to draw the attention of our “mob of readers” to the very courteous terms in which the *Quarterly* reviewer speaks, a little farther on, of “the blind, drowsy mass commonly styled ‘the reading public.’” Such civilities should not be thanklessly received; we shall have great pleasure in forwarding an “address of thanks” from such of the said “blind, drowsy mass,” as read the columns of *The Literary Guardian*, if, upon a public meeting duly convened, it should be deemed advisable.

HARRO HARRING.

Poland under the Dominion of Russia. By Harro Haring. Cochrane and Co.

WE dismiss this entertaining volume with the following extracts, which we had intended giving last week. The work is almost equally amusing throughout, and will repay the trouble of perusal.

Constantine’s Morning Levee.—“A long pause now ensues. Every breath is audible. The grand duke comes from the saloon to the anti-room, passes along the line of bowing officers, greets all present with a murmuring salutation, and receives in return an unintelligible reply; he stares at or speaks to the foreigners, and surveys

the puppet orderlies who close the circle. These orderlies, who belong to the three Russian horse-guard regiments, are daily changed, so that every individual man is alternately brought into the presence of the grand duke. The recruits in particular are required to appear soon after they are drilled. The grand duke gives the word of command, and the orderlies march as far as the space will permit, and perform sword exercise.

“The general of division Kurnatovski stands fearfully beside ‘our lord,’ as he always styles the grand duke when he speaks of him. He trembles from the very bottom of his soul, for the fate of the day hangs on a hair. Should the men march in the slightest degree out of time, or not keep step with mathematical precision, the thunder-bolts of the Belvedere will fall on the luckless wight who happens to be nearest.

“I recollect some orderlies of the lancers, in whom the penetrating eye of the grand-duke could discern no fault, and his highness uttered in a tone of satisfaction the words *charoscho-prekrasnie*: (good;) but unluckily casting a glance at the gloves of the men, he perceived that the seams of the fingers were sewed inside instead of outside. On making this discovery, he thundered out: ‘Contrary to regulation!’ The general and the commissariat officers were angrily summoned, and after the grand duke had vented his rage, the general of the regiment, the colonel of the squadron and the quarter-master were placed under arrest, and the privates were sentenced to receive 500 lashes each.”

Military Precision.—“All the officers, except the lancers, wear cocked hats, called *sturmers*. These hats must, ‘according to regulation,’ be worn square, that is to say, the two corners must be above the shoulders of the wearer. This mode of wearing the hat is very uncomfortable; but to have the corners before and behind is contrary to orders. If the well-known roll of the ducal carriage be heard at a distance by the officers as they are lounging through the streets, all mechanically raise their hands to their hats, and take care to square them, according to ‘regulation,’ before they are observed by the falcon eye of the grand duke. All turn round and salute his highness as he passes. Should any departure from the prescribed regulations for military dress be observed, the carriage instantly stops, and the offender is ordered to the nearest guard-house.

“A great coat buttoned over on the left side instead of the right, a button that has slipped out of a button-hole, or a cavalry officer who may step across the street to visit a comrade without putting on his spurs, are causes sufficient to excite the wrath of the ‘regulation’ duke. He continues for several days out of humour; but

* “Defend me from my friends!”

indeed he is seldom otherwise, and officers and privates are alike the objects of punishment."

The Parade.— * * * "But the band strikes up, the grand duke appears, and all eyes are turned towards him.

"He advances along the front of the lines, passing the Lithuanian regiment, and the old grenadiers, who, in the course of their lives, receive millions and millions of lashes, by order of his imperial highness, whose presence, nevertheless, now operates upon them like a magnetic power;—they fancy themselves in Paradise—for the grand duke inspects them.

"The several battalions and companies of the other regiments have enjoyed a similar honour, and the omnipotent Constantine stands with his back to the palace and gives the command. Next comes a flourish of drums and trumpets. The regiments last drawn out must defile in open column. The falcon eye of the duke in a moment glances at every individual man, while the columns defile;—and as the battalions march along, the ear distinguishes only a single step.

"The grand duke is satisfied. He expresses his satisfaction to the general, and the compliment is the same day repeated like an echo through the regiment. The men are in an ecstasy of joy; some get drunk, are sent to the black hole at night, and, next morning, receive a good flogging.

"A Polish company next comes under inspection. The throat of an unfortunate ensign betrays traces of what is called a *parricide*, that is to say, the young gentleman's shirt collar accidentally rises about the breadth of a straw above his stock. . . . The march is interrupted by a thundering 'halt!'

"'Fanfaron!' exclaims the grand duke to the downy-bearded youth. 'In the name of all the devils what do you mean by this? Would you introduce innovations here? Off to the guard-house.'—Now there is an end of all good humour, and woe to the poor wretch who may be at fault after this; he will be punished three-fold.

"The generals tremble, and, like an electric shock, this trembling is communicated from rank to rank, down to the very drummer-boys, whose trembling improves the roll of the drum."

Russian Society.—"In Russian society individual worth is solely and exclusively determined by *service*, which gives a man the distinction of some class, of which there are fourteen. They rise by gradations similar to the military scale, from the college register, who has the rank of ensign, to his excellency the minister of state, whose rank corresponds with a field marshal's.

"The gradation of these fourteen classes,

and their relation to military rank is known to every Russian as perfectly as his pater-noster." * * * * *

"The serf gains the lowest or fourteenth class, and thus enters into the Russian order of nobility, after a service of twenty five years in the army, (the last ten years as corporal or sergeant,) which gives him the rank of an officer, or he obtains the same rank by twenty years' service in the guards as surgeon, non-commissioned officer, writer in the military bureau, or regimental tailor.

"Kriffzov, head clerk in the grand duke's chancery, rose in this way to the rank of general; Kolotov, tailor to the division of guards in Warsaw, became, in the same way, a general; and Dubner, tailor to the regiment of lancers, a captain. Thus thousands in the Russian empire, after a long acquaintance with the knout, are indemnified by at least obtaining military rank.

"To get into the fourteenth class is a grand object of ambition, for it bestows military rank, which is the distinction most courted in Russia.

"The Russians have but one degree of nobility. The titles prince, count, &c., indicate certain relations, but convey no essential superiority except when connected with great wealth, which may however be possessed no less advantageously by a member of the humble fourteenth class.

"Nevertheless a Hospodin of the twelfth or even the eighth class looks down upon a fourteenth man with much the same sort of disdain as one of that lowest class of military rank, regards the mass of the populace, even those who form its front rank as the members of the three Guilds, artists, and men of the learned professions.

"Between two Russians of the same class or rank, length of service determines the precedence. Thus a man of thirty, who has had a ten years' possession of military rank, requires humble homage from a grey beard of sixty, who has worn a sword and epaulets only eight years.

"The announcement, by the word *Starzi*, or seniority of service, binds at once to submissive obedience, and when the senior speaks, let what he says be ever so unreasonable, the junior must be silent.

"The women are extremely pnnctilious in the observance of these regulations respecting rank. They consider themselves the representatives of their husbands, and claim full payment of all the respect due to their dignities.

"The wife of the tailor-general, formerly perhaps his kitchen maid or mistress, takes the precedence in society, of a countess or baroness, if the husband of the latter should be only a captain. If visited by the countess or baroness she maintains exclusive possession of the canopied seat of honour, and allows only a common chair or even

foot-stool for such a visitor, from whom she exacts the most unqualified homage." * * * * *

"The civil offices in the Russian empire are almost all in the possession of military persons who have retired, either under particular circumstances, or, being of inferior rank, after the termination of their stipulated period of service. A retired officer, who has served ten years, may continue to wear his uniform, but without epaulets, and if placed in a civil department, he probably will at least be a circuit marshal, or domain magistrate. A soldier who has been advanced to the rank of major will at most have to write his name, or in case of necessity, read a report. Should a retired officer become, by the grace of God, a judge, with what dignity does he discharge the functions of his high office! In a doubtful case, if the old worm-eaten and tattered ukase, which he orders to be read is not decisive on the point, he settles the matter at once, by sending the accused to Siberia, being determined to make short and sure work with all sorts of offenders. An old soldier finds much uncertainty and difficulty in obtaining his discharge and appointment to some civil office. Linschuk, my old sergeant, after having served out his time of twenty years in the guards,* was obliged to wait two years and a half longer for his discharge, and even then had great trouble in procuring it.

"Upon this event, one of my fellow officers said to me laughingly:—'Our old Linschuk has at last got his discharge, and, as a reward for his long service, is to be made professor of moral philosophy in Cassan.' We put on a serious air and asked the old man whether such was the fact. He answered, that if the emperor commanded, it would be all one to him, whether he was to be a professor in Cassan, or a cornet in Warsaw, he only longed to have an hour he could call his own, which was a pleasure he had not enjoyed for twenty two years and seven months."

IRELAND.

History of the Civil Wars of Ireland. By W. C. Taylor, A. B. Trin. Coll. Dublin. Vol. I. Constable and Co. Edinburgh.

THIS modest little book, which forms the seventy-third volume of "Constable's Miscellany," is calculated, we think, to supply what has long been a desideratum in our literature; viz. a fair and impartial digest of Irish history, especially as connected with the larger and more powerful neighbour-island, England. From a sensible and well-written preface which precedes the work, Mr. Taylor appears to have been fully aware of the difficulties under which the candid historian must labour,

* A soldier in the line must serve 25 years.

when treating of a subject so distracted between party feeling and national prejudice.

"At variance" he says, "in every other respect, the several political partizans who have written on Irish history, are wondrously unanimous in one principle—each maintaining, that there was nothing wrong on the side he chose to advocate, and that there was nothing right in the opposite." Such is the extreme to which the absurd sophism, "that identity of name proves identity of character" is carried, that "the Roman Catholic feels himself personally wounded by the historian, who faithfully describes the blasphemous insolence with which the pope transferred to a foreigner, (Henry II.) the sovereignty over a free people, and the base cupidity shown by the Irish prelates in bartering their country's independence for wealth and privilege. The zealous protestant is offended, when the ignorance and indolence of the clergy sent over by Henry VIII. and Elizabeth are pourtrayed," &c. We are glad that Mr. Taylor sets out with disclaiming all party influence or feeling, and keeps to his word in the execution of his work. "The violent Roman Catholic" he adds, "may call the author an orangeman; while the equally violent protestant may stigmatize him as a papist. He condescends not to refute either."

Having now awarded all due praise for the boldness and novelty of this design, we give a sample of the style in which it is executed:—

On the Antiquity of Irish History, Mr. Taylor appears, from the introductory passage of his first chapter, to be very unceremoniously sceptical:—

"The pretensions," he says, "of the Irish to an antiquity more remote than that of other Europeans, and their claims of being descended from the most powerful and enlightened of the Eastern nations, have been attacked and defended with a zeal and vigour beyond the laws of literary controversy. In this contest, the cause of Irish history has suffered far more from the extravagant claims of its advocates, than from the fiercest assaults of its opponents. The suspicious particularity of the more remote incidents, and the still more suspicious coincidence of the epochs with the received system of chronology, are gravely quoted as proofs of genuine antiquity, while, in fact, they are decisive evidences of falsification. The materials from whence the historians have compiled their narratives, were the songs of the bards, the genealogies of the sennachies, and the popular legends current in their day; and it is manifest that such records must have been replete with errors and defects, and, above all things, must have contained little or no reference to dates and eras. The monks of Ireland, in the middle ages,

seem to have surpassed their brethren of Britain in the art of fabricating history. The latter went no higher than the days of Brute, the Trojan; but the former boldly ascended to the days of Adam, and brought his granddaughter to Ireland with a numerous colony, before the primitive race had yet degenerated into crime. The intervention of the deluge might have been supposed to throw some difficulties in the way of this hopeful legend; but for this a remedy was easily provided;—one fortunate individual was saved in the western world, to relate the circumstances of that great event to the next band of colonists who arrived in the country. The new settlers could boast of an origin equally illustrious: they were Greeks, under the guidance of Partholanus, whose genealogy from Noah is traced with edifying accuracy. After this, several new tribes arrive from places equally illustrious; but their fame is absorbed in the superior glory of the Milesian colony, whose arrival in Ireland is dated previous to the Argonautic expedition; that is, before Greece had even a traditional history!"

Our next extract relates to the

Arrival of Henry II.—"A. D. 1172. The news of Henry's extensive preparations were received in Ireland with an apathy and unconcern which would be wholly unaccountable, if there had not been some previous negotiations with the Irish prelates and princes. While he was yet delayed in Milford, many tenders of submission and allegiance were received in the royal camp; and, amongst others, the men of Wexford sent ambassadors to excuse their late insurrection, declaring that they had seized Fitz-Stephen as a traitor to his majesty, and only detained him until the royal pleasure was known.—In the latter end of October, Henry arrived in the harbour of Waterford. He came professedly not to conquer the country, but to take possession of an island granted him by the Pope; and he relied for success on clerical intrigue rather than force of arms. The morning after his arrival, he received the submission of Mac Arthy, the powerful chief of Desmond, or South Munster, who resigned all his estates into the hands of the king. They were all regranted immediately on the usual conditions of feudal tenure, except the city of Cork, which Henry reserved to himself. Mac Arthy's example was immediately followed by the princes of Thomond, Ossory, and the Decies. Even O'Rourke of Breffney, whose family had been so long the most eminent partisans of the O'Connor dynasty, came to meet the English monarch on his march to Dublin, and humbly tendered his allegiance. On his arrival in Wexford, Henry allowed himself to be persuaded to pronounce the pardon of Fitz-Stephen. The gallant adventurer was permitted to

retain the lands which he had received from Mac Murchad; but the town of Wexford was declared a royal garrison, and an inalienable possession of the crown. While the most extensive preparations were making to celebrate the festivities of Christmas in Dublin, on a scale of magnificence to which the Irish toparchs were hitherto unaccustomed, Hugh de Lacy and William Fitz-Adelm de Burgo were sent against Roderick O'Connor, who, with the haughty chief of the Hy-Nials, still disdained all terms of submission. The inclemency of the season, and the difficulties of the country, rendered this expedition ineffectual, and the army returned to Dublin. In a temporary structure, erected outside the gates of the city, the Irish princes who had submitted were splendidly feasted by their new sovereign; and, far from regretting the loss of their independence, they congratulated themselves on becoming the subjects of a monarch so powerful as Henry Fitz-Empress, for by this name the native historians invariably designate the Norman monarch, in order to gratify their national pride, and excuse their subjection by the great nobility of their master. To fulfil the conditions of the Papal grant, and to provide for the future administration of the country, Henry summoned a synod of the Irish princes and prelates at Cashel, under the presidency of Christian, Bishop of Lismore, the legate of the Holy See. To this council came the archbishops of Dublin, Tuam, and Cashel; the bishops of the different sees in the south and east; a few of the English clergy; the most powerful toparchs of Munster and Leinster; and all the Norman barons who had obtained, or hoped to obtain, grants of Irish estates. The bull of Pope Adrian, and its confirmation by Alexander, were read in the assembly; the sovereignty of Ireland granted to Henry by acclamation; and several regulations made for increasing the power and privileges of the clergy, and assimilating the discipline of the Irish church to that which the Romish see had established in western Europe. Gelasius, archbishop of Armagh, did not attend the synod, but excused himself on account of his age and infirmities; but he subsequently came to Dublin, and publicly gave his full assent to all the proceedings. The rest of the winter was spent in preparations for extending and securing the conquests; but, unfortunately, before Henry could put the wise plans which he meditated into execution, he was suddenly summoned to England by the alarming intelligence of the rebellion of his ungrateful sons, and of the arrival of two papal legates, to inquire into the circumstances of Becket's murder. Sensible of his danger, the monarch sailed from Wexford on the feast of Easter, 1173, 'leaving behind him,' as Sir John Davis remarks, 'not one

more true subject than he had found on his first arrival.' The government of Ireland was intrusted to Hugh de Lacy, with Robert Fitz-Stephen and Maurice Fitz-Gerald as his assistants. The celebrated John de Courcy, the tales of whose prowess are so wild and romantic, was encouraged to undertake the conquest of Ulster, by a grant of all the land which he could wrest from the native possessors; and the entire county of Meath was given to Hugh de Lacy. The premature departure of Henry was the primary cause of all the evils under which Ireland laboured for centuries. Had he completed the subjugation of the country, he would naturally have established a uniform system of law and government; he would have made his followers, and the native inhabitants, bear the common name of fellow-subjects. Unfortunately, after his departure, the extension of the Anglo-Norman power was intrusted to private adventurers, whose rewards were the spoils of the vanquished. When spoliation was thus legalized, it is not surprising that many Norman leaders were unscrupulous in the selection of their victims, and seized the lands of those who were in the king's peace, as eagerly as the estates of those who still disdained submission. Indeed, the sects which had been foremost in acknowledging the Norman sovereignty, were the greatest sufferers. The adventurers seized their lands on any pretence, or on no pretence. The provincial governors were bribed by a share of the spoil to refuse redress; and an appeal to the sovereign was difficult on account of the distance, and not likely to succeed, when the crime was supposed favourable to the royal interests."

We will now skip a long succession of misery, tyranny, and civil war, which brings us to the time of

James I.—"The accession of James I. caused no little anxiety among all parties in Ireland. His real character was unknown to the leaders of the English interest: the Irish Catholics believed that in him they would find a patron and a friend. They argued that the son of Mary, Queen of Scots, who had died a martyr to the faith, would not long continue to support heresy; and, acting on this mistaken notion, they forthwith, in defiance of law, proceeded to establish the public exercise of the Romish religion. The cities of Munster were the foremost in this incautious display; and the lord lieutenant immediately marched southwards to crush this dangerous spirit. When Montjoy arrived before Waterford, he was met by a deputation of the citizens, accompanied by two monks, eager to exhibit their skill in argumentative oratory. The ecclesiastics pleaded the crime of proclaiming as king an enemy to the faith. The citizens showed a charter of King John, by which Water-

ford was excused from quartering soldiers. Montjoy silenced the monks, by detecting them in a misquotation from St. Austin; and terrified the citizens by threatening, if the gates were not instantly opened, that 'he would cut asunder the charter of King John with the sword of King James!' Such reasoning was irresistible; the city at once yielded; and in a few days Clonmel and Cashel imitated the example. Cork showed rather more obstinacy; but it surrendered after a short siege, and a few of the leaders were executed."

This leads us to introduce Mr. Taylor's notions on the much disputed matter of the *Gunpowder Plot*.—"The discovery of what is usually called Gunpowder Treason, and the real nature of the conspiracy formed by Catesby, Percy, and Guy Fawkes, are problems of which the solution is not yet quite complete. The accounts published by royal authority are obscure and perplexed in the extreme; the statements made by the counsel for the crown on the trials are not borne out by the evidence; and the witnesses do not seem to have been the persons who could have given the best information. Still there can be no doubt of the existence of this atrocious conspiracy, though all the details are uncertain. The account given by Dryden of another plot, is much more applicable to this,

'Succeeding times did equal folly call,
Believing nothing, or believing all.'

"The Irish privy council felt, or pretended, a great alarm, when they received the news of the danger to which the king had been exposed. With much more reason the catholic lords were filled with consternation; for the crime was unhesitatingly ascribed to all the professors of the Romish religion. A letter was dropped in the council-chamber, darkly hinting, that there was a plot formed by the Irish catholic lords against the state. No names were mentioned, no particulars given; and yet, the local government at once fixed upon the earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnel, as the agents of this pretended conspiracy. Both these lords were certainly discontented. They knew that they were viewed with jealousy and hostility by the officers of state; and they were conscious that they had frequently, in conversation, uttered sentiments which might easily be distorted into proofs of disaffection. They had learned, by bitter experience, in a former reign, that the Irish government was not very scrupulous in the use of means for increasing confiscations; and, as they were wholly unprepared for resistance, they fled to the continent. Strange it is, that grave historians should quote their flight, an undeniable proof of their innocence, as an evidence of their guilt. Had any such conspiracy existed, O'Neill, who had before maintained a brave war against Elizabeth,

would have been prepared with forces sufficient for his defence, and, perhaps, powerful enough to peril the security of the state. But he was totally destitute of soldiers, money, arms, or ammunition, for he had entertained no thoughts of war. In his case, innocence was weakness, and consequently ruin. It has been asked, 'why then did he not stand his trial?' He might have answered, as another unfortunate Irish exile did in a similar case, 'What chance would a fat goose have before a jury of foxes?' Those who have looked into those records of guilt and oppression, the state trials, and especially those of Ireland, will entertain no doubt of what the event would have been, if he had appeared before the royal court. The charge for hiring witnesses was long in Ireland one of the ordinary expenses of the civil government.

"The name of O'Neill was well known on the continent; and in every European nation, the treatment he had received became a subject of reproach against England. James, in consequence, published a proclamation, unfortunately too long for insertion, as it is a curiosity in its way, stating, in general terms, the guilt of the fugitive earls. This document, which contains nothing but vague and general charges, mixed with no small share of personal abuse, served only to prove that the king's injustice could neither be excused nor defended."

The present volume brings the history down to the time of Charles I.; the second is promised to conclude the "Civil Wars of Ireland," with the Union of 1801.

BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

(From "*The British Dominions in North America*," by J. Bouchette, Esq., on the eve of publication.)

"*The Town of Kingston*, the largest and most populous of the Upper Province, is very advantageously seated on the north side of the river St. Lawrence, or rather at the eastern extremity of Lake Ontario: it is in latitude 44° 8' north, and in longitude 76° 40' west from Greenwich. On the ground upon which it is built formerly stood Fort Frontenac, an old French post. Its foundation took place in 1783; and by gradual increase it now presents a front of nearly three-quarters of a mile, and, in 1828, contained a population ascertained by census to amount to 3528 inhabitants, exclusive of the troops in garrison; including the latter, and making due allowance for two years' increase, its population may now be computed at not less than 5500 souls. The streets are regularly planned, running at right angles with each other, but not paved. The number of houses may be estimated at about six hundred and seventy. Most of them are well built of stone: many of them spacious and

commodious: but very few are remarkable for the taste or elegance of their structure. An extensive wooden bridge of much solidity and beauty has recently been thrown over the narrowest part of the channel, between Point Frederick and the town. It exceeds six hundred yards in length, and has materially added to the scenery of the place and the convenience of its inhabitants. The public buildings are a government-house, a court house, a Protestant and a Catholic church, a market-house, a gaol, and hospital, besides the garrison, block-houses, government magazines, and stores. This town has obtained considerable mercantile importance within the last twenty years: wharfs have been constructed, and many spacious warehouses erected, that are usually filled with merchandise: in fact, it is now become the main entrepôt between Montreal and all the settlements along the lakes to the westward. From the commencement of spring until the latter end of autumn, great activity prevails; vessels of from eighty to nearly two hundred tons, employed in navigating the lake, are continually receiving and discharging their cargoes, as well as the bateaux used in the river; and the magnificent steam-boats that ply between Kingston, York, and Niagara, contribute largely to the lively animation of the scene. Its commercial importance must also be considerably enhanced by the opening of the Rideau Canal, which will necessarily render it the emporium of the whole trade of the two provinces, whether carried on by the St. Lawrence or through the Ottawa."

"The Harbour is well sheltered and convenient, accessible to ships not requiring more than three fathoms water, with good anchorage close to the north-eastern extremity of the town. The entrance to it is defended by a battery on Mississaga Point, and another on Point Frederick; which, with the shoal stretching from the former, with only five feet of water upon it, are quite sufficient for its protection. Opposite to the town, and distant about half a mile, is a long low peninsula, forming the west side of Navy Bay. The extremity of it is called Point Frederick. Point Henry is the extremity of another peninsula, but of higher and more commanding ground, that forms the eastern side of it. This is the principal depôt of the royal navy on Lake Ontario, and where the ships are laid up during the winter. The anchorage is good, but somewhat exposed to south and south-west winds. It is very well defended by batteries and block-houses on Point Frederick, and by a strong fort on Point Henry. On the western side of Navy Bay are the dock-yard, large store-houses, slips for building ships of war, naval barracks, wharfs, and several dwelling-houses for the master builder and

other artificers, for whom, since their occupations have been so unremitting, it has been found necessary to erect habitations on the spot. In this yard the ships composing the present British Ontario armament were built and equipped. The construction of the St. Lawrence, a first-rate, mounting one hundred and two guns, will sufficiently prove that the power of this fleet may hereafter be increased to a vast extent. At Sacket's Harbour, the rival of Kingston as a naval depôt, the maritime forces of the United States are kept. During the war large vessels were there put upon the stocks, one of which was represented as exceeding in dimensions the largest man-of-war in the British service, being two hundred and ten feet in length on her lower gun-deck. It is a fact singular enough, and well worthy of remark, that the largest armed ships in the world should thus be found in the heart of an immense continent, on the fresh waters of an interior lake, and at so remote a distance from their more familiar element, the ocean. As a rival station to the American one of Sacket Harbour, Navy Bay is entitled to every consideration; and as long as it becomes an object to maintain a naval superiority on the lake, the greatest attention must be paid to this establishment; particularly when we observe with what care our rivals complete such of their ships as were begun during the war, and also the measures they are adopting generally, to be enabled to contend against us, at a future period, with numerical strength in their favour; and, in fact, the methods they pursue are well calculated to obtain the object they steadily keep in view. The conduct of an enterprising neighbour should always be narrowly observed, and a countervailing power be prepared, commensurate to the means of aggression, in the event of hostilities. The Americans build their ships much faster than we do on our side, and for this reason,—strength is the chief object with them; and if that be obtained, they care but little about beauty of model or elegance of finishing: in fact, they receive no other polish than what is given them by the axe and the adze. On the other hand, we employ as much time upon ours as we should in the European dock-yards. They are undoubtedly as strong as the Americans; they are handsomer, and much better finished; but they are far more expensive, and will not endure a longer period of service. When we reflect, that ships built on this lake will not last more than five, or at most six years of actual service, it may be a subject not unworthy of consideration, whether we cannot, with some advantage to ourselves, adopt the methods of our opponents; and if we have a fleet as strongly built, equal in number and size to theirs, and capable of keeping up the unrivalled splendour of our

national banner, be satisfied with it, although it be not a rival in beauty and splendid decorations to that which has awed every enemy into submission."

"The thriving village of Perth is situated in the township of Drummond, on a branch of the Rideau, and occupies a central position between the Grand River and the St. Lawrence, communicating by tolerably good roads with Kingston to the south, and By Town to the northward, at the opposite extremities of the Rideau Canal. The first establishment fostered by government was made in 1815 by British emigrants, chiefly from Scotland, many of whom are now at the head of excellent farms, possess comfortable habitations, and reap the fruits of their perseverance and industry. The population of the village does not probably exceed, as yet, three hundred and fifty or four hundred souls; but its relative situation with the surrounding country and the canal, making it the natural entrepôt of the settlements on the St. Lawrence, and those of the Ottawa river, promises to contribute to its rapid aggrandisement and prosperity, independently of the advantages it derives from being seated in the midst of a fertile and luxuriant tract of country. The military settlements of Lanark and Richmond have also experienced the benefits of government patronage; and occupying, as they do, a propitious locality and excellent soil, are very prosperous, and fast increasing in their agricultural improvements and population. By Town, in Nepean, is situated on the southern bank of the Ottawa, a little below the beautiful falls of the Chaudiere, and opposite the flourishing village of Hull, in Lower Canada. It stands upon a high and bold eminence surrounding Canal Bay, and occupies both banks of the canal; that part lying to the east being called the Lower, and that to the west, from a superiority of local elevation, the Upper town. The streets are laid out with much regularity, and of a liberal width, that will hereafter contribute to the convenience, salubrity, and elegance of the place. The number of houses now built is not far short of one hundred and fifty, most of which are constructed of wood, frequently in a style of neatness and taste that reflects great credit upon the inhabitants. On the elevated banks of the bay, the hospital, an extensive stone building, and three stone barracks, stand conspicuous; and nearly on a level with them, and on the eastern side of the bay, is delightfully situated the residence of Colonel By, the commanding royal engineer on that station. From his veranda the most splendid view is beheld that the magnificent scenery of the Canadas affords. The bold eminence that embosoms Entrance Bay; the broken and wild shores opposite, beyond which are seen a part of the flourishing settlements and the

church of Hull; the verdant and picturesque islands between both banks, and occasional canoes, barges, and rafts plying the broad surface of the Grand River, or descending its tumultuous stream, are the immediate objects that command the notice of the beholder. In remoter perspective the eye dwells upon a succession of varied and beautiful bridges, abutting upon precipitous and craggy rocks, and abrupt islands, between which the waters are urged with wonderful agitation and violence. Beyond them, and above their level, the glittering surface of the river is discovered in its descent through the broad and majestic rapid Des Chênes, until the waters are precipitated in immense volumes over the verge of the rock, forming the falls of the Great and Little Chaudière. From the abyss into which they are involved with terrific force, revolving columns of mist perpetually ascend in refulgent whiteness, and as they descend in spray beneath a glowing sunshine, frequently form a partial but bright iris, that seems triumphantly to overarch a section of the bridge. The landscape of the Union Bridges, although not taken exactly from this enchanting spot, may convey some idea of the scope and splendour of the prospect which we have attempted briefly to describe, and partly secure to it that admiration to which it is so richly entitled. The talent evinced by Colonel By, and the zeal he has displayed in the prosecution of the great and momentous works intrusted to his professional skill, are strikingly demonstrated by the vigour with which the operations are carried on upon the Rideau Canal, and the emulation and spirit that pervade the settlements that have grown out of this stupendous undertaking. * *

"Ascending along the shores of Lake Chaudière, the next objects of note first presenting themselves are the rising colonies in front of the townships of March and Tarbolton; they are chiefly composed of families of high respectability, possessed in general of adequate means to avail themselves of the advantages that are incident to a newly opened country. Higher up, at the foot of the various cascades of the Chats, is the establishment of John Sheriff, Esq., pleasantly situated in a very romantic and desirable spot. Above this, an impervious wilderness extends to the north-westward along the rapids of the Chats, and part of the lake of the same name, until human habitations re-appear in the township of Macnab. High up, on the bold and abrupt shore of the broad and picturesque lake of the Chats, the Highland chief, Macnab, has selected a romantic residence, Kinell Lodge, which he has succeeded, through the most unshaken perseverance, in rendering exceedingly comfortable. His unexampled exertions in forming and fostering the settlements of

the township, of which he may be considered the founder and the leader, have not been attended with all the success that was desirable, or which he anticipated. Most, if not the whole, of the inhabitants were members of his clan, whom he brought from the Highlands at considerable trouble and expense, with a view of improving their condition and ameliorating their circumstances. However, they do not appear to have fully appreciated the benefits intended to be conferred, nor the multiplicity and magnitude of the obstacles that were surmounted in locating them to their new lands, although they in some measure must themselves have participated in the difficulties incident to the formation of an early settlement in the heart of an absolute wilderness. The colony is, nevertheless, making sensible progress in its improvements, and will, doubtless, in a few years, be a valuable accession of industry, loyalty, and strength, to the province."

THE GERMAN PRINCE.

Tour in England, Ireland, and France, in the Years 1828 and 1829. In a Series of Letters, by a German Prince. 2 vols. Effingham Wilson.

THIS book, though neither written by, nor addressed to, an Englishman, should, we think, be considered somewhat in the light of a national work. Every one must feel a certain curiosity, more or less, to know what strangers say of us, and the German Prince is one who will tell them without ceremony. Indeed, occasionally, in a true and becoming spirit of national dignity, we are almost inclined to be angry with him for the rather impertinent style in which he treats us as an intellectual people. His oft-repeated libels about our dull coffee-house dinners, our want of musical taste, our deficiency of true religious character, our servile reverence for titles, &c. &c. should be boldly met, and vigorously combated, but neither our space nor our time will allow us to undertake the task. We must, therefore, remain contented with having simply entered our veto, and prepare to accompany our friend across the Channel to the sister isle, where, as it happens, he passes his time very pleasantly, and takes sketches of character and scenery with more *gusto* than we should have suspected from a foreigner. As a connecting link, and solitary relic of his John Bull acquaintances, he introduces us to an

English Sinecurist.—"In the street I met a London 'dandy,' who called out to me, (for I did not recognise him,) laughed heartily at our meeting 'in such a horrid place,' ran on for some time in a satirical vein on Dublin society, and at last concluded by informing me, that through the influence of his family he had just obtained a place here, which, indeed, brought him

in 2000*l.* a year, and gave him nothing to do, but which compelled him 'pro forma' to pass a part of every year in this 'shocking' abode. With such, and even much richer sinecures, are the younger sons of the English aristocracy provided in countless numbers, and in all parts of the empire. I think, however, that, even here, the pitcher will not always go to the well without breaking; though I must confess that these defects in the English government, compared with the arbitrary power exercised in other states, are but spots on the sun."

Having escaped from the brick walls and smoke of the good city of Dublin, behold us adventure-hunting amongst the mountains of Wicklow, the Lakes of Killarney, &c. &c. Our traveller's cortège is worthy of honourable mention:—

Irish Peasant Children.—"My 'cicerone' was a pretty, and as usual half-naked, boy of about eleven; his dress was a specimen of an Irish toilette, worthy of mention. He wore the coat of a grown man, which, besides many diaphanous places, was deficient in a sleeve and a half, and one flap, while the other streamed after him like the tail of a comet. Neckcloth, waistcoat, and shirt were dismissed, as wholly superfluous: to make amends, the remains of a pair of red plush breeches made a most magnificent appearance, though in somewhat strong contrast with the naked legs beneath. To see this figure scramble over the rocks like a squirrel, singing all the while bits of 'Tommy'* Moore and Walter Scott, was certainly characteristic. As he led me to the cave, at a point where the passage was rather slippery, he cried, 'Oh you can come on very well; I brought Sir Walter Scott here, and he climbed over the worst places though he had a lame foot.' He could talk of nothing else; and recited rapidly four lines which Scott or Moore, I forget which, had composed in the cavern. These people are so exactly suited to the wild and ruin-clad country, that without them it would lose much of its romantic interest."

Again:—

"I visited these ruins with a most numerous company; I do not exaggerate when I say that at least two hundred half-naked beings, two-thirds of whom were children, had collected round my carriage at a very early hour in the morning, doing nothing; they now thronged round me, all begging, and shouting, 'Long life to your honour!' Every individual among them stuck faithfully by me, leaping over stones and brambles. The strangest compliment now and then resounded from the midst of the crowd: at last some called

* So the Irish delight to call him, proud of his '*landsmannschaft*' (countrymanship.)

out, 'Long life to the King!' On my return I threw two or three handfuls of copper among them; and in a minute half of them, old and young, lay prostrate in the sand, while the others ran with all speed into a whisky shop, fighting furiously all the way."

And further on:—

"We then set out to the caverns, accompanied as usual by a half-naked *cor-tège*. Every one of them was on the watch to do us some service: if I stooped to pick up a stone, ten or a dozen scrambled for it, and then asked for money; if there was a gate to open, twenty rushed to it, and expected a like reward. After I had given away all my small money, came one who affirmed that he had shown me some trifle or other. I unwillingly refused him, and told him my purse was empty. 'Oh,' said he, 'a gentleman's purse can never be empty!'—no bad answer; for under the form of a compliment lurks a sort of reproach. 'You look too much like a "gentleman" not to have money, but if you are so ungenerous as not to give any, you are not a true gentleman; and, if you really have none, still less are you one.' The crowd felt this, and laughed till I bought my deliverance from him."

The following is a brutal specimen of some of our field sports, which we are really ashamed should have been witnessed by a stranger:—

Galway Races.—"You must now accompany me to the 'race-course,' and see the running and leaping from the beginning. It is a remarkable sight of its kind, and exactly suited to a half-savage nation. I confess that it far exceeded my expectations, and kept me in a state of intense anxiety; only one must leave pity and humanity at home, as you will see from what follows. The race-course is an elongated circle. On the left side is the starting-post; opposite to it, on the right, is the goal. Between them, at the opposite points of the circumference, are built walls of stone, without mortar, five feet high and two broad. The course, two English miles in length, is run over once and a half. You see then, from my description, that the first wall must be leaped twice, the second only once, in each heat. Many horses run, but none is declared winner till he has beaten the others in two heats; so that this is often repeated three, four, or even five times, if a different horse comes in a-head each time. To-day they ran four times; so that the winner, in a space of less than two hours, reckoning the intervals, ran twelve English miles at full speed and leaped the high wall twelve times!—a fatigue which it is difficult to conceive how any horse can stand. Six gentlemen in elegant jockey dresses of coloured silk jackets and caps, leather breeches, and

top-boots, rode the 'race.' I had an excellent hunter belonging to the son of my host, and could, therefore, by crossing the course, keep up perfectly well, and be present at every leap.

"It is impossible not to have a favourite on such occasions. Mine, and, indeed, that of the public, was an extremely beautiful dark bay, called Game-cock, ridden by a gentleman in yellow,—a handsome young man of good family, and a most admirable rider.

"After him, the horse which pleased me the most, was a dark brown mare called Rosina, ridden by a cousin of Captain B—; a bad rider, in sky-blue. The third in goodness, in my opinion, Killarney, was a strong, but not very handsome horse, ridden by a young man who showed more power of endurance than perfect horsemanship: his dress was crimson. The fourth gentleman, perhaps the most skilful though not the strongest of the riders, rode a brown horse, not remarkable in its appearance, and was dressed in brown. The other two deserve no mention, as they were 'hors du jeu' from the beginning: they both fell at the first leap; the one sustained a severe injury on the head, the other came off with a slight contusion, but was disabled from riding again. Game-cock, who darted off with such fury that his rider could hardly hold him in, and flew, rather than leapt, over the walls with incredible bounds, won the first heat with ease. Immediately after him came Rosina, without her rider, whom she had thrown, and took the remaining leaps of her own accord, with great grace. Game-cock was now so decidedly the favourite that the bets were five to one upon him; but the result was far different from these expectations, and very tragical. After this noble animal had distanced the other two, in two successive heats, and had achieved the two first leaps in the most brilliant manner, he set his foot, in the third, on a loose stone, which one of the less skilful horses had pushed down as he fell, and which it was not permitted to remove out of the course. He fell backward upon his rider, with such violence that both lay motionless, when the other riders came up, took not the slightest notice of them, and accomplished the leap. After a few seconds, Game-cock got up, but his rider did not recover his senses. A surgeon present soon pronounced his state to be hopeless; both his breast-bone and skull were fractured. His old father, who stood by when the accident happened, fell senseless on the ground, and his sister threw herself, with heart-rending cries, on the yet palpitating, though unconscious, body. But the general sympathy was very slight. After the poor young man had been repeatedly bled, so that he lay on the turf weltering in his blood, he was taken away,

and the race began again at the appointed time, as if nothing had happened.

"The brown rider had been the first in the preceding heat, and hoped to win the last and decisive one. It was what the English call 'a hard race.' Both horses and men did their part admirably; they ran and leaped almost in rank. Killarney at last won only by a quarter of a head:—it was necessary, therefore, to run again. This last contest was of course the most interesting, since one of the two running must of necessity win every thing. There was a great deal of betting, which at first was even. Twice did the victory appear decided, and yet at last terminated on the contrary side. At the first leap, the horses were together; before they reached the second it was evident that the brown was exhausted, and Killarney gained so much upon him that he reached the second wall more than a hundred paces before him. But here, contrary to all expectations, he refused to leap, and the rider had lost all power over him. Before he could be brought to obey, the brown came up,—made his leap well, and now, putting out all his strength, was so much a-head that he seemed sure of winning. Bets were now ten to one. But the last wall was yet to cross, and this was fatal to him. The tired animal, who had exhausted his last remaining strength in fast running, tried the leap willingly enough, indeed, but had no longer power to effect it; and, half breaking down the wall, he rolled bleeding over and over, burying his rider under him, so that it was impossible for him to rise. Killarney's rider had, in the mean time, brought his refractory horse into subjection, achieved the two remaining leaps amid the cheers of the multitude, and then rode at a foot pace, perfectly at his ease and without a rival, to the goal. He was so exhausted, however, that he could scarcely speak.

By way of variety, and in conclusion, we quote the very amusingly-told legend of—

O'Donaghue and the Lake of Killarney.—"O'Donaghue was the powerful chieftain of a clan inhabiting a great and opulent city, which stood where the lake now rolls its waters. It had every thing in abundance, except water; and the legend says, that the only little spring which it possessed was the gift of a mighty sorcerer, who called it up at the prayer of a beautiful virgin; adding a solemn warning, that they should never forget to close it every evening with a large silver cover, which he left for that purpose.—The strange forms and ornaments seemed to confirm this wonderful command; and never was the old custom neglected.

"But O'Donaghue, a mighty and dauntless warrior, (perhaps, too, like Talbot, an incredulous one,) only made merry at this

story, as he called it; and one day, being heated with more wine than usual, he commanded, to the terror of all present, the silver cover to be carried into his house, where, as he jestingly said, it would make him an excellent bath. All remonstrances were vain: O'Donaghue was accustomed to make himself obeyed; and as his terrified vassals at length dragged in their ponderous burthen, amid groans and lamentations, he exclaimed, laughing, 'Never fear, the cool night air will do the water good, and in the morning you will all find it fresher than ever.' But those who stood nearest to the silver cover turned away, shuddering, for it seemed to them as if the strange intricate characters upon it moved, and wreathed like a knot of twisted snakes, and an awful sound appeared to come forth mournfully from it. Fearful and anxious, they retired to rest; one alone fled to the adjoining mountains. And now, when morning broke, and this man looked down into the valley, he thought he was in a dream; city and land had disappeared; the rich meadows were no more to be seen, and the little spring bursting forth from the clefts of the earth, had swelled into a measureless lake. What O'Donaghue prophesied was true; the water had become cooler for them all, and the new vessel had prepared for him his last bath.

"In very clear bright weather, as the fishermen assured us, some have seen at the lowest bottom of the lake, palaces and towers glimmering as through glass; but many have beheld, at the approach of a storm, O'Donaghue's giant figure riding over the waves on a snorting white horse, or gliding along the waters with the quickness of lightning in his unearthly bark.

"One of our boat's crew, a man of about fifty, with long black hair, which the wind blew wildly about his temples, of an earnest and quiet but imaginative look, was stealthily pointed out to me by one of his companions, while they whispered in my ear that 'he had met him.'

"You will believe that I quickly entered into conversation with this boatman, and sought to gain his confidence, knowing that these people, whenever they anticipate unbelief and jesting, observe an obstinate silence. At first he was reserved; but at length he became warmed, and swore by St. Patrick and the Virgin that what he was going to tell me was the naked truth. He said he had met O'Donaghue at twilight, just before the raging of one of the most terrific storms he had ever witnessed. He had staid out late fishing; it had rained torrents the whole day; it was piercingly cold, and without his whisky-bottle he could not have held out any longer. Not a living soul had been visible on the lake for a long time, when, all at once, a boat, as if fallen from the clouds, sailed towards

him; the oars plied like lightning, and yet no rowers were visible; but at the stern sat a man of gigantic stature. His dress was scarlet and gold, and on his head he wore a three-cocked hat, with broad gold lace. The spirit-boat passed him. Paddy fixed his eyes intently upon it; but when the tall figure was over-against him, and two large black eyes glared forth out of the mantle, and scorched him like living coals, the whisky fell out of his hand, and he did not come to himself till the rough caresses of his other half waked him. She was in a great rage, and called him a drunken fellow. She might think the whisky had brought him to that, but he knew better.

"Is it not curious that the costume here described exactly corresponds with that of our German devil of the last century, who is now come into such great favour again? And yet Paddy had most certainly never heard of the Freischütz. It seems almost as if hell had its 'Journal des Modes.' I was extremely amused at the old man's penitence and distress after he had finished his story. He loudly reproached himself for it, crossed himself, and incessantly repeated, 'O'Donaghue, though terrible, looked like a "real gentleman;" for,' said he, looking round fearfully, "a perfect gentleman" he was, is now, and always will remain.' The younger boatmen were not such firm believers, and seemed to have a good mind to joke the ghost-seer a little, but his seriousness and indignation soon overawed them all. One of these young men was a perfect model of a youthful Hercules. With all the overflowing spirits of a body sound to the core, he played incessant tricks, and did the work of three at the same time."

THE DUCHESS D'ABRANTES.

Memoires de Madame la Duchesse d'Abrantes; ou, Souvenirs historiques sur Napoléon, la Revolution, le Consulat, l'Empire, et la Restauration.

WE have already acknowledged our obligations to *The Athenæum*, from whose copious samples of these interesting volumes we have more than once taken the liberty of making selections. The work, we believe, is by this time published, and will, we have no doubt, be much read. We are induced to give one more extract:—

"Madame de Damas and her daughter had arrived late, and the great circular saloon was so full, that two seats were not to be had. By dint of elbowing and entreaties, the two ladies had succeeded in getting to the centre of the room. Madame de Damas, who was by no means timid, cast her eyes around in search of at least one seat, when her attention was arrested by a young and lovely creature, whose charming face, surrounded by a profusion of yellow curls, was remarkable for the ti-

mid, though intellectual expression of her large and beautiful deep blue eyes. Her form and appearance altogether were those of the most graceful sylph. This young lady was led to her seat by M. de Trénis, which proved that she danced well, for M. de Trénis never honoured with an invitation to dance any lady who had not acquired the reputation of a good dancer. The lovely girl, after having modestly returned the gentleman's bow, resumed her seat near a lady, who appeared to be her elder sister, and whose elegant dress excited the attention and envy of every other woman in the room. 'Who are those females?' said Madame de Damas to the old Marquis d'Hautefort, whose arm she held. 'What! do you not recognize the Viscountess de Beauharnais? It is she and her daughter. She is now Madame Bonaparte. There is a vacant seat next to her; come and occupy it, and renew acquaintance with her.' Madame de Damas, in reply, gave M. d'Hautefort such a pull, that she dragged him, against his will, into one of the small rooms, which adjoined the great rotunda. 'Are you mad?' said she, when they were in the little room. 'It would be a fine place truly, next to Madame Bonaparte. Ernestine would then be forced to become acquainted with her daughter. Really you are out of your senses, marquis.' 'Faith, I am not. What the devil harm do you find in Ernestine becoming acquainted, even intimate, with Madlle. Hortense de Beauharnais, who is a charming, amiable girl?' 'What is all that to me? I will not become acquainted with any such women. I do not like those who dishonour their misfortunes.' M. d'Hautefort shrugged up his shoulders, and made no reply. 'Good Heavens! who is that beautiful woman?' said Madame de Damas, pointing to a lady at this instant entering the saloon, whom every body was not only looking at, but endeavouring to approach. She was above the middle size; but the perfect symmetry of her form rendered imperceptible the disadvantages of tall stature in a woman. She was the Venus of the capitol, but still more beautiful than the work of Phidias, for in her the same purity of feature, and the same perfection of limb, were animated by an expression of benevolence—a reflection from the magical mirror of her soul—which laid open its workings, and showed its predominant feeling to be goodness. Her toilet in nowise contributed to her beauty, for she wore a plain dress of Indian muslin, *drapée à l'antique*, and fastened at the shoulders by two cameo clasps. A zone of gold, with a similar clasp, encircled her waist; and a bracelet of the same metal fixed the sleeves of her dress to each arm, very high up above the elbow. Her hair, of a velvet black, was cut short and curled round her head; over her white and

beautiful shoulders was thrown an Indian shawl, then an object of rare and costly luxury. She folded it around her in the most graceful and picturesque manner, and formed a ravishing picture of female beauty and elegance. 'It is Madame Tallien,' replied M. d'Hautefort. 'Madame Tallien!' cried Madame de Damas: 'why, in the name of goodness! did you bring me here, my friend?' 'Faith! I defy you,' said he, 'to find better company than here.'

* * * At this moment a strong smell of attar of roses pervaded the apartment, and a rush was made towards the door by the exquisites of the day then present, to meet a young female only just arrived, although it was so late. This new comer, who might be termed ugly, had, notwithstanding, most incomprehensible attractions. Her figure was bad, but her little feet danced so beautifully! She was very dark, but her black eyes shone with so brilliant an expression! And she was so graceful—whilst her sparkling and arch look indicated a union of the most exquisite wit with the most amiable simplicity. She was, at the same time, the kindest friend, and the most entertaining of women. In short, she pleased every body, and was at that time much in fashion. * * * M. Charles Dupaty, M. de Trénis, and M. Lafitte, immediately asked her to dance. Having answered each with an expression of wit and good humour, smiling so as to display two rows of ivory, she continued to advance, agitating her light draperies, whose perfume filled the whole room. Madame de Damas, whom the perfume annoyed, and who, like all ill-tempered people, always found fault with what afforded pleasure to others, fidgeted about on her seat, and at length exclaimed aloud, in a very impertinent tone of voice, 'I really think she is either the wife or daughter of Fargeon.* It is sufficient to make a drayman faint.' 'It is Madame Hamelin,' said M. d'Hautefort. * * * 'Madame Hamelin!' cried she. 'Madame Hamelin! Come here, Ernestine!' she added, in a voice trembling with anger. 'Put on your tippet, and let us go.' All that was said to her only increased her eagerness to get away. She repeated several times, with an accent of profound indignation, 'And that marquis! To assure me that I should meet here my old acquaintances! Yes, truly! for the last hour I have had a burning fever. Come, child, let us leave this place.'"

AMERICAN POETS.

(From *The North American Review*, No. 73.)
THIS periodical production of our transatlantic friends appears to be most ably conducted, and bids fair to rival in reputa-

* A celebrated perfumer before the revolution.

tion the older established periodicals of the mother country. In the present number, under the above head, we read with interest a critical dissertation upon the poetical genius of America, illustrated with several specimens of really creditable verse. We select one from among the various authors, as yet but little known amongst us, whose works are herein considered.

"Halleck is a favorite with us, although we do not rate him comparatively quite so high as some are inclined to do. He has less originality than Bryant, and less freedom and boldness than Percival, but combines much grace and sweetness with no inconsiderable power. He excels alike in the serious and the comic style; but is sometimes rather unfortunate in his attempts to combine the two in the same work. The following poem, for example, is in the main very pleasing; and it is really lamentable that the general effect should be marred by the tasteless and unmeaning mockery of the lines in italics, which we earnestly exhort the author to expunge, and supply with others better suited to the subject, in the next edition. *Fanny*, by which he was first known, is a well-executed, but easy and worthless, imitation of the Beppo and Don Juan style. *Marco Bozzaris* is admired by some, but does not strike us as one of the best of the author's works. The elegy on Burns is much finer, and is altogether a very superior poem. We would gladly extract it entire, but must confine ourselves, for the present, to

"SENTIMENTAL MUSIC.

"Young thoughts have music in them, love,
And happiness their theme;
And music wanders in the wind
That lulls a morning dream.
And there are angel voices heard,
In childhood's frolic hours,
When life is but an April day
Of sunshine and of flowers.

There's music in the forest leaves
When summer winds are there,
And in the laugh of forest girls
That braid their sunny hair.
The first wild bird that drinks the dew
From violets of the spring,
Has music in his song, and in
The fluttering of his wing.

There's music in the dash of waves,
When the swift bark cleaves their foam;
There's music heard upon her deck,—
The mariner's song of home,—
When moon and star-beams, smiling, meet,
At midnight, on the sea;
*And there is music once a week
In Scudder's balcony.*

But the music of young thoughts too soon
Is faint, and dies away;
And from our morning dreams we wake
To curse the coming day.
And childhood's frolic hours are brief;
And oft, in after years,
Their memory comes to chill the heart,
And dim the eye with tears.

To-day the forest leaves are green,—
They'll wither on the morrow;
And the maiden's laugh be chang'd, ere long,
To the widow's wail of sorrow.
Come with the winter snows, and ask—
Where are the forest birds?
The answer is a silent one,
More eloquent than words.

The moonlight music of the waves
In storms is heard no more,
When the livid lightning mocks the wreck
At midnight on the shore;
And the mariner's song of home has ceas'd—
His corse is on the sea;
*And music ceases, when it rains,
In Scudder's balcony.*"

THE ANNUALS
FOR 1832.

(Further Extract.)

(From *The Comic Offering*.)

LETTER FROM AN OXFORD STUDENT
TO HIS MOTHER.

Brazen-Nose College, Oct. 1831.

DEAR MOTHER,

Your anger to soften

At last I sit down to indite,—
'Tis clear I am *wrong* very often,
Since 'tis true I so seldom *do write*!

But now I'll be silent no longer,
Pro and con all my deeds I'll disclose,—
All the *pros* in my *verse* I'll make stronger,
And hide all the *cons* in my *pros*!

You told me, on coming to college,
To *dip into books* and excel;
Why, the tradesmen themselves must acknowledge
I've dipt into books pretty well!

The advice you took pleasure in giving
To direct me, is sure to succeed,
And I think you'll confess I'm living
With *very great credit* indeed!

I wait on the reverend doctors,
Whose friendship you told me to seek;
And as for the two learned proctors,
They've *called for me* twice in a week!

Indeed, we've got intimate lately,
And I seldom can pass down the street
But their kindness surprises me greatly,
For they *stop me* whenever we meet!—

My classics, with all their old stories,
I now very closely pursue,—
And ne'er read the *Remedia Amoris*
Without thinking, dear mother, of you!—

Of Virgil I've more than a smatter,
And Horace I've nearly by heart;
But though famed for his smartness and satire,
He's not quite so easy as *Smart*.

English bards, I admire every tittle,
And doat on poetical lore,
And though yet I have studied but *Little*,
I hope to be master of *Moore*!

You'll see, from the nonsense I've written,
That my devils are none of the *Blues*;
That I'm playful and gay as a kitten,
And nearly as fond of the *muse*!

Bright puns (oh! how crossly you bore'em)
I scatter, while logic I cram;
For Euclid, and *Puns asinorum*,
We leave to the Johniaus of Cam.

My pony, in spite of my chidings,
Is skittish and shy as can be;
Not Yorkshire, with all its *three ridings*,
Is half such a *shier* as he!—

I wish he were stronger and larger,
For in truth I must candidly own
He is far the most moderate charger
In this land of *high charges* I've known!

My doubts of profession are vanished,
I'll tell you the cause when we meet;
Church, army, and bar I have banished,
And now only look to the *Fleet*!

Come down, then, when summer is gilding
Our gardens, our trees, and our founts,
I'll give you accounts of each building,—
How you'll wonder at *all my accounts*!

Come down when the soft winds are sighing;
Come down—Oh you shall and you must,
Come down when the dust clouds are flying,
Dear mother—*Come down with the dust*!

Science and Art.

CHOLERA MORBUS.

[From an intelligent paper in *The Glasgow Scientific Journal*]

"I feel myself called on to say, that while I was in India, and even after I had commenced writing the present remarks, I was convinced that cholera is not contagious. I must candidly confess, however, that a closer investigation of the history of the Indian disease, added to a due consideration of the progress which cholera is still making on the Continent, has shaken my previously established opinion. My personal observation would have me to say decidedly, that cholera is not contagious. An attentive consideration of its progress has shaken this opinion.

"I cannot avoid thinking, that we know enough of the disease to refute the opinion, that it is either simply epidemic, or exclusively contagious. My own opinion, formed from a careful examination of the facts at present in our possession, is, that the disease is of a mixed character, and that adventitious circumstances are necessary to its production and propagation.

"I am inclined to consider the causes of the diffusion of cholera to be:—

"1st. An atmospherical or other predisposing cause, whose nature has not yet been ascertained.

"2d. An augmentation of this cause by the actual development of the disease, making it at first epidemic and afterwards communicable from man to man.

"Diseases which diffuse themselves extensively may be arranged in three classes. The purely contagious, purely epidemic, and epidemico-contagious. To the propagation of the first class, of which we may

select small-pox as an example, three things seem necessary; a focus of contagion, persons susceptible of the disease, and a peculiar atmospherical, or other constitution. To the diffusion of the second an atmospherical constitution, and exposure to its influence. To this class belong remittent fever and influenza. To the propagation of the third class atmospherical peculiarities, exposure to their influence, a crowded population, and close communication with infected persons. Of this class, typhus fever and cholera are probably examples; neither is very contagious; typhus, much influenced by want of cleanliness and a too dense population, most congenial to temperate climates; cholera, more influenced by atmospherical constitutions, and, consequently, most common in tropical regions.

"The prophylactic measures as regards individuals, are all those which are conducive to general health—pure air, dry commodious dwellings, warm clothing, simple diet, temperance, moderate exercise, sufficient sleep, &c. &c.

"The prophylactic measures, as applied to untainted countries, are generally quarantine regulations. The inefficacy of the vast military and police cordons on the Continent proves that they have either been ill-conducted, or that such measures, under existing circumstances, are inadequate to the accomplishment of the desired end. Which of these is true, cannot as yet be determined, and we may safely leave their discussion to the medical men on the spot.

"So long as there is a probability of the disease being communicable from man to man, the government of Great Britain would be worse than mad if it did not give its inhabitants the advantages of its insular situation, and institute a strict maritime quarantine. Commercial inconveniences arising from its enforcement sink into insignificance when compared with the chance it may afford our favoured island of escaping the dire pestilence.

"Should it, however, unfortunately raise its fiendish form amongst us, it is by no means certain that local cordons should be established. This is a point on which circumstances ought to guide us more than general rules. Should the disease break out in a sea-port, under suspicious circumstances, probably a strict cordon round the spot where the disease first shows itself, and one more general round the town, would be the safest course to pursue. On the other hand, if it appears inland, and without traces of contagion, those first afflicted should immediately be removed to a temporary or permanent hospital; the tainted houses should be cleaned and ventilated; and the inhabitants encouraged to leave them. When the cholera attacked Tiflis, the inhabitants dispersed themselves

in the surrounding country, but the result of this bold measure is unknown. Immediate removal of all who are willing to be removed to proper hospitals, cleanliness, ventilation, avoidance of over-crowding, and the appointment of medical men to particular districts, are the means most likely to eradicate the disease, and probably the only measures to which the inhabitants of this country would submit. Magistrates and local authorities ought to recollect, that the enforcement of severe measures will certainly bring them into collision with public feeling, and probably lead to ebullitions in which all authority will be set at naught.

"In leaning to the contagious side of this important question, I am certain that I do not in the least endanger the comfort of the sick, should the disease invade our native land. Our medical men will prove themselves zealous and undaunted, and Britons will not shrink from the performance of those duties to their relations and fellow-men, which the mild Hindoo and apathetic Mussulman have gone through with alacrity."

(Amongst the anti-contagion writers is one in *The United Kingdom* newspaper, who appears to have been a medical practitioner of actual experience in India, and who supports his arguments by a variety of curious facts.—ED. Lit. Guard.)

MANUFACTURE OF IRON.

[From the last volume of Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopaedia*.]

Sheffield Grinding Wheels.—Before the introduction of steam power, the grinding establishments in the vicinity of Sheffield exhibited much of that simplicity of structure and arrangement of machinery which probably characterized them seven or eight hundred years ago; especially those seated on the picturesque banks of the Porter and the Rivelin, two principal feeders of the rivers Sheaf and Don, the "Abana and Pharpar" of the modern Damascus. These grinding wheels being, in most cases, situated beside a fall in the stream, for the convenience of working an overshot water-wheel, their roofs are frequently but little elevated above the superior level of the adjacent ground, and generally, likewise, of a large dam, constructed to collect the water during the night in seasons of scarcity, as well as for the ordinary convenience of allowing it to flow into the pen-trough with regularity when the machinery is in motion.

Cannon Foundry.—During the eighteenth century iron foundry became almost identified with casting of cannon. The consumption of cast-iron, as well as of brass, in the article of ordnance alone, during our wars in Belgium, with America, and arising out of the French revolution,

was beyond all conception enormous. This branch of home trade, having government for its especial patron, enriched many individuals, who, if a pun might be allowed, may be said to have become *founders* of families as well as of guns. Of this class may be mentioned the respectable house of Walker, at Masbrough, near Rotherham, where this business was for many years carried on with unprecedented success.

Manufacture of Steel.—The most extensive and celebrated works in the world for converting, casting, and preparing steel by tilting, rolling, &c. are those of the brothers Sanderson at Sheffield. In these interesting works, the writer of this volume, on making the proper application, was allowed the most prompt and free access, and this too under circumstances which might well have justified a refusal on the part of the proprietors, had they been influenced by a narrower or less independent spirit. One of these gentlemen, who kindly accompanied the visitor through the works, made a remark which deserves to be noted, not less for its candour than for its truth. To the observation that some persons affected secrecy in their operations, it was replied, "The great secret is to have the courage to be honest; a spirit to purchase the best material, and the means and disposition to do justice to it in the manufacture."

Steel Engraving.—For several years past sheet-steel has been used in large quantities instead of copper-plates by the engravers. By this fortunate application of so durable and, it may be added, so economical a material, not only has a new field been discovered, admirably suited to yield in perfection the richest and finest graphic productions which the ingenuity of modern art can accomplish, but to do so through an amazingly numerous series of impressions, without perceptible deterioration. The art of engraving on iron or steel, for purposes of ornament, and even for printing in certain cases, is by no means a discovery of modern times; but the substitution of the latter material for copper, and which has invited the superiority of the British *burin* to achievements hitherto unattempted by our artists, is entirely a modern practice.

Cast-iron Pipes.—Happily for the interests of humanity, the business of cannon casting on a large scale appears to be at an end; the foundry being at present at work chiefly for the arts of peace. Since the introduction of gas, the demand for cast-iron piping has increased amazingly; and it is gratifying thus to reflect that much of the metal which, under other circumstances, might have composed a "devilish enginery" for carrying death through ranks of our fellow-men, is now used for the economical conveyance of the pabulum of illumination through our towns, manufactories, and dwelling-houses.

Casting Steel.—This is a process which places the melter in a situation little if at all enviable as compared with the inside of M. Chabert's celebrated oven; indeed, the eyes and the hands that are daily conversant with molten steel would hardly shrink at the mention of a temperature sufficient to broil a beef-steak! Previously to drawing the crucible, the artist, whose body, arms, and legs, are defended by sacking wrappers, goes to a water-trough, and with a besom thoroughly moistens his outer covering, that his clothes may not get a flame while he is bending over the mouth of the "burning, fiery furnace." Thus prepared, he, with a pair of strong tongs, withdraws the pot from the fire, takes off the lid, and pours the metal into the mould. The ingot thus formed is either a bar about two inches square for tilting, or a plate six inches broad, twelve to eighteen inches long, and an inch thick, for rolling, as the same may be wanted to be wrought into its ultimate form by the hammer or the shears.

Hardening Steel.—It may not be generally known that the hardening of steel does not necessarily depend upon the immersion of the metal in liquid of any kind, but may be equally effected by the application of cold. The hardening of cast-iron articles by *chilling* the surface has already been mentioned, and the cutlers are well aware that the same phenomenon occurs in the case of a thin blade, placed when heated between the hammer and anvil faces when both are cold.

Ancient Cutting Tools.—When the ancients were in possession of any species of metal harder than our steel, or whether they had some method of hardening the materials with which we are acquainted, but which method is now lost, are questions which, perhaps, the investigations of science and history may be said to be left unanswered. Those stupendous monuments of antiquity, the Egyptian obelisks, are of porphyry, and, as every one knows, most curiously carved with a vast number of figures. That these sculptures have been executed with some kind of tools, and the application of immense labour, of course will not be disputed; still it has been confidently asserted, that we are not acquainted with any instruments which would be capable of cutting stones of such untractable hardness. Hence it was the common notion, two centuries back, that the art of steeling tools in the highest degree of perfection was certainly lost to the moderns.

NEW PATENTS.—SEALED, 1831.

Gas-Meter.—Samuel Crosley, of Cottage Lane, City Road, Middlesex, gas-meter manufacturer, for his invention of an improved gas-meter. October 3—six months.

Lamps.—Daniel Dunscomb Bradford, citizen of the United States of North America, now in Dorset Place, St. Mary-le-bone, Middlesex, in consequence of a communication made to him by Solomon Andrews, residing at Amboy, New Jersey, in said U. S. N. America, he is in possession of an invention of certain improvements in lamps. October 4—six months.

Mangel-Wurzel.—Peter Young, of Fenchurch Street, London, rope and sail-maker, in consequence of a communication made to him by a certain foreigner residing abroad, he is in possession of an invention of a new mode of manufacturing mangel-wurzel, for the purpose of producing various known articles of commerce. October 6—six months.

Buttons.—John Christopher, New Bond Street, London, for his invention of an improvement in clothes-buttons. October 7—six months.

Tanning.—William Drake, of Bedminster, near Bristol, tanner, for his invention of an improvement or improvements in tanning hides and skins. October 7—six months.

Gas-Illuminations.—George Lowe, of Brick Lane, St. Luke's, Old Street, Middlesex, civil engineer, for his invention of an improvement or improvements in, and connected with, the manufacture of gas for illumination. October 12—six months.

Propelling Vessels, &c.—William Hale, Colchester, Essex, machinist, for his invention of improvements in machinery or apparatus for propelling vessels, which improvements are also applicable for raising or forcing fluids. October 13—six months.

Salt.—William Ainsworth Jump, of Marston, Chester, gentleman, for his invention of certain improvements in drawing or extracting salt from salt-pans. October 14—six months.

Improved Tablets.—John Smith and William Dolier, both of Liverpool, gentlemen, for their invention of a durable copy-book or writing-tablet, and an improved delible ink to be used therewith. October 14—six months.

Bread and Biscuits.—John Cowderoy, Britannia Street, Hoxton New Road, Middlesex, gentleman, for his invention of certain improvements in machinery or apparatus to be used in the process of making or manufacturing bread and biscuits.—October 14—six months.

Chimnies.—Thomas Henry Pollard, Park Street, Grosvenor Square, Middlesex, estate and house-agent, for his invention of certain improvements in chimnies, by the application of a mechanical apparatus as smoke-conductor. October 19—six months.

Drama.**DRURY LANE.***Friday.*—The Exile; Hyder Ali.*Saturday.*—Love in a Village; Charles the Twelfth.*Monday.*—The Exile; the Days of Athens; Hyder Ali.*Tuesday.*—The Beggar's Opera; the Days of Athens; the Jenkinses.*Wednesday.*—The Exile; Hyder Ali.*Thursday.*—Artaxerxes; the Brigand; the Illustrious Stranger.**COVENT GARDEN.***Friday.*—The Gamester; Brother and Sister.*Saturday.*—Fra Diavolo; Katharine and Petruchio.*Monday.*—Henry the Eighth; Neuha's Cave.*Tuesday.*—Fra Diavolo; Katharine and Petruchio.*Wednesday.*—King John; Brother and Sister.*Thursday.*—Fra Diavolo; the Irish Ambassador.

WITH the exception of an absurd and very tedious spectacle or ballet of action, at Drury Lane, in the course of which Mr. Ducrow personified, in a clever manner, various mythological personages, and other classical and allegorical subjects, and an amusing farce at Covent Garden, from the pen of Mr. Kenney, the drama of the week has been devoid of novelty. The Drury Lane *Days of Athens* have already merged into oblivion; the *Irish Ambassador*, at Covent Garden, having played his cards with skill, and to the general satisfaction of all parties, promises to have a more extended popularity. There is nothing very original in the plot of this amusing trifle, which turns upon the blunders accruing from *Sir Patrick O'Plenipo's* being mistaken, at a foreign court, for the envoy-plenipotentiary at that time expected from England, on a little family negotiation. Power, who acted this part with all his usual humour and vivacity, and received well-merited applause, announced the piece for repetition, *nem. con.*

Covent Garden announces a new tragedy for Tuesday next, entitled *Catherine of Cleves*, in which C. Kemble and his daughter will perform. Drury Lane seems to be at a stand still; nothing of the slightest interest appears in the bills for next week. We seize the present opportunity, therefore, to insert the first portion of a rather lengthy and elaborate paper we have been favoured with, (which we shall continue from time to time,) on

THE STATE OF THE DRAMA.

THE Decline of the Drama, which has of late years so rapidly taken place, is ascribed by different parties to various causes, each somewhat plausible in itself, and apparently distinct from the rest. We, as impartial and disinterested observers, have taken the whole case into deliberate consideration, and are led to the conviction that the evil in question proceeds from no one single cause; that it is a many-headed mon-

ster, whose birth and growth spring from the working together of a vast number of abuses, which, in course of time, have crept into our theatrical policy.

The first—the most monstrous, and apparently the most irremediable of these evils is, without doubt, the immense, unwieldy dimensions of the house itself. A rough statement will suffice.—The distance from the front of the dress-boxes to the curtain, at Covent Garden Theatre, is, say about 65 feet, and the height of the third tier, about 40 feet from the pit; on this calculation the distance from the curtain at this part of the house is fully 75 feet. The back of the two-shilling gallery is, we suppose, about 25 feet behind this, and that of the one-shilling gallery, some six or eight feet more; making in all, at this furthest point, an interval of upwards of 100 feet between the spectator and the performer. We all know, from experience, that in many parts, even of the dress circle, the words are caught with great difficulty and by dint of constant straining, while the expression of the countenance is but very imperfectly discriminated. What must be their case then, who are seated at double our distance from the stage, and are continually surrounded by a buzz and ferment which “ears polite” can form but a feeble notion of? How are the tender accents of love, of pity, of grief, the dignified elocution of heroes, or the meditative reflections of philosophers, to penetrate their murky regions? or how is the sparkling eye, the melting smile of innocence and joy, which constitute the sweetest charm of the drama, how are these to dart their genial influence through five score feet of fog?

Mrs. Siddons, the heroine of our stage, was heard to say, on seeing the immense proportions of the new play-house, “that it would be her theatrical tomb.” By this terse remark she seems to have prophesied the downfall of her patron, tragic muse; a prophecy which was speedily and remarkably fulfilled, as will appear from the following narrative, which has never before been published:—

Melpomene and Thalia stared with a wild astonishment on being introduced to the enormous arena their feeble graces were designed to fill; they strained their voices to the utmost, but failed of being properly heard. Melpomene soon grew hoarse, became heated, and forgot her usual dignified demeanour; in a phrenzy of despair she drove her oldest and most faithful attendant from her presence; the poor poet dropped his parchment cheeks, pushed his papers and his hands into his pennyless pockets, and retreated from the stage. Loud was the shout, and great was the exultation at his departure; a crowd of coxcombs gathered round the infuriate muse, applauding her extravagances, and exciting her to fresh. The confusion was

increased by the occasional intrusion of Thalia, whose arch and joyous smile was changed to a horse laugh, and her former winning graces to the most ludicrous and absurd contortions. The infection quickly spread through the whole company; men, women, and children, some of whom had changed clothes, others having disguised themselves as dogs, monkeys, and reptiles, were mingled in disorder; bands of soldiers scoured the stage, whilst ships poured down from behind; battles with much noise, but no bloodshed, diversified the scene, and at length the clamour was so great as to “raise the devil” in right good earnest. Up he came, and was heartily welcomed; the smoke and fire with which he was surrounded was overpowering from its glare and stench, and the curtain fell upon an astonished and delighted audience!

To drop metaphor and speak in plain English, melo-drama, if not avowedly, yet in reality, usurped the legitimate station of tragedy; instead of the poet—the machinist, the painter, and the “picture” grouper were called into action, and a series of performances ensued devoid of true poetry, nature, and character, but rich in a quick succession of striking incidents and situations, (striking only from their unreasonableness,) which served the audience as stepping-stones do the traveller, to hop across a puddle which they had no inclination to explore.

Such is the disservice which the largeness of our theatres has entailed upon the interests of the drama; what, then, were the benefits which the proprietors hoped to derive from, and which induced them to the adoption of the measure? Greediness, blind sordid greediness, was their only motive;—but see how, by outstepping all bounds of modesty, they have signally verified the good old proverb of our forefathers—“Grasp all, lose all!”

If any one would be at the pains to examine the nightly box list, and generally to survey the audiences collected in each theatre, they will find, on the average, that the best seats of the dress boxes are occupied by, what are significantly called, “country cousins,” and their lion showing London friends; the pit, by dull old bachelors, attorneys’ and bankers’ clerks, together with a few wives and daughters of respectable tradesmen; all very worthy people in their way. The third and great part of the second circle are filled by orders and free tickets, with, after nine o’clock, a few half-tipsy gentlemen from the coffee-houses and taverns.

The present system of free admissions is wilfully and radically bad. Authors and actors are admitted of course, ’tis their legitimate right; editors of newspapers and their deputies must also be invited, this is a necessary evil of too long standing to be suddenly left off; but what

justification, what excuse, can the managers offer for the present systematic arrangement by which a horde of prostitutes and street-walkers are nightly suffered to obtrude themselves upon, what would fain be considered, the precincts of respectable society? How can these managers feel surprise at the deserted state of their boxes, when they know that they have admitted, nay, courted the attendance of wretches whose very presence should be sufficient to banish every thing respectable from their doors? Yet these very managers complain that the play-houses are no longer the fashionable resorts they used to be; that fathers prefer sitting at home, round their fires, with their wives and daughters, to bringing them ever and anon amid the noise and riot of a theatre; and, finally, that they no longer receive that encouragement from men of *taste* and patrons of art, which used formerly to fall to their lot.

Before they complain in this strain again, let them consider, first, the kind of entertainment their stages have to offer for the encouragement of men of taste; and, secondly, the reception these men of taste may expect to receive if they should chance to attend; let them look into the upper boxes and lobbies of their respective establishments, any evening, about ten o'clock, when the riot is at its highest, and they will no longer feel surprised that parents and men of taste should stand aloof as they have done.

Enough of "before the curtain;" in our next paper we shall investigate the stage, or executive, department. J. N.

Miscellanea.

Public Instruction in France.—A measure of the greatest importance was submitted to the French Chamber of Deputies on Monday—it was a *projet* of law for the establishment of a school of primary instruction in every one of the 40,000 communes of France. From a report presented to the King, it appears that there are at present schools in only 13,000. The funds are to be supplied by the local sales, and where parents are incapable of paying for their children's education the public will pay for it. So great is the ignorance of the peasantry, which the drivelling dynasty of the Bourbons sedulously cherished, that not above one half of the conscripts can read! One thousand parochial schools, most miserably endowed, have rendered the two millions of Scotch population the best educated and best behaved in the world. France will be much more amply provided, if the law pass and be honestly worked. When shall we have such a law for England?

H.—Fashion is gentility running away from vulgarity, and afraid of being overtaken by it. It is a sign the two things are not very far asunder.

N.—Yes; Mr. — used to say, that just before the women in his time left off hoops, they looked like bats. Going on from one affectation to another, they at last wore them close under their arms, so that they resembled wings growing out from their shoulders; and having reached the top of the absurdity, they threw them aside all at once. If long waists are in fashion one season, they are exploded the next. So soon as the court adopts any particular mode, the city follows the example; and as soon as the city takes it up, the court lays it down. The whole is masquerade and caricature.—*Northcote's Conversations.*

Of what avail is the flattering politeness of men, who forwardly profess that they will do things which are not in their power to do? It may be fitly compared to the tender feelings of a man, who, lest harsh words should grieve the heart of another, would cut off his head.

To sleep away our days in careless indolence, saying, "We are young, and may perform the duties of devotion in old age," might be right, if we could see the limit of our lives; but those who could do so would not relax in the performance of religious duties.

An Irish Wager.—About three months since, at a meeting of a party in Dublin, the following wager was entered into, viz.: Mr. M. Y. betted Mr. G. R. dinner and wine for a dozen friends, that the latter did not succeed in getting one of his finger-nails to grow an inch and a half from the end of the finger. Since that time Mr. G. R. having taken particular care of his little finger-nail, it has arrived to an inch and three-eighths in length! Great fears are even now entertained by some that the nail will break before it comes to the stipulated length; but from the care which Mr. G. R. takes of it, a regular case having been made for it, his friends are induced to lay three to one that he wins the wager.

Guardian's Literary Intelligencer.

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CORRESPONDENCE, &c.

Many thanks to Qui Scriptitat? for his very kind letter;—his weekly anxiety as to our regular appearance will, we hope, speedily begin to grow less and less painful than he describes it to be. We anticipated, from the beginning, that many persons would hesitate "to give so fair and impartial a trial to a cheap publication as to a more expensive one;" but we were also aware that there were very many with whom our price would be a great and primary consideration. The friendship of these we have abundantly secured; the others are joining our ranks by degrees;—we are proceeding merrily.

J. P. W.'s MS. will not suit our pages, it may be had at 165, Strand, on Monday.

We have been favoured with an early copy of the "The Cabal, a Tale of the Time of William the Fourth," but too late to do it justice this week. It appears, however, to be a clever and amusing brace of volumes.

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